It Was The Bed, It Seduced Me

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It Was The Bed, It Seduced Me

by DancingSkys

Summary

It was an easy task: Stay in front of the bed, face the door and wait for Namjoon.
It was easy.

But why did the bed look so tempting?

Notes

I'm very sorry if you notice a quality drop. I've had this written for months, probably around the beginning of this series and I wasn't really satisfied with it so I didn't plan on uploading it. An anon on Tumblr requested another punishment fic, if possible ,so I though, since I had this lying around, I could upload it. I rewrote it a little because my first approach was a little harsh. Punishments are a touchy subject to write about after all.
On another note; I'm very proud to say that I have finished two more updates for this series which I actually quite like so maybe you won't have to wait as long for the next updates.
Another story is also about to get finished. You can check out my 'updates' tag on Tumblr DancingSkys where I'll try to inform you guys about progress or delayed updates from now on
Between those I'l upload the **Q&A** as well so until then you can still **send in questions for all characters and me/the author**~
Feel free to ask anything either on **Twitter** **or on Tumblr**. I'll upload all questions anonymously in a seperate story.

“Give me your shirt,” Namjoon said, Yoongi looking up at him from his spot in front of the couch, hands already grabbing the hem of his shirt and pulling it over his head, giving it to his dom who went back to watching his almost daily dose of drama/documentaries and whatnot.

Yoongi had never really bothered with those things but since he had gotten to know Namjoon he didn’t mind watching TV in the afternoon. The older had a pretty good taste and it was nice cuddling together… well, that was if Yoongi wasn’t the lawyer’s sub and was told to sit on the floor in front of him. That was nice too in most cases though he still prefered cuddling.

“Right sock.”

It was different, sure but even such a small thing made Yoongi feel… what was the right word? He liked it, he enjoyed sitting lower than Namjoon and having the elder’s hand buried in his hair, rubbing his skin or doing other, more sexual things to him in this position but even just feeling his legs next to his shoulders was already a kind of calming feeling.

“Left sock.”

Almost like he didn’t have to worry about anything at all. He just needed to listen to his dom and please him, the elder would take care of him and everything else, he just needed to be good.

“Belt.”

It might sound strange how sitting on the floor would be something Yoongi enjoyed doing, many probably wouldn’t understand and sometimes he really didn’t understand it either. It sounded kind of silly to say he liked being told to sit on the floor by his lover but what he did know was that it made him feel good and that was all that mattered. He trusted Namjoon with his life and if doing what he was told to do made him feel good then why should he go against this?

“Pants.”

Without hesitation Yoongi undid the button and zipper, sliding his

jeans off his legs and folding them up before giving them to Namjoon with both hands. Being polite was important after all.

The hand in his hair disappeared for a moment before it came back to massage his scalp, silence settling over them for some minutes where they only paid attention to the TV.

“Underwear.”

The younger did as told, giving up his last article of clothing as well. He had been so uncomfortable the first time Namjoon had made him do this, telling him to give up all his clothes piece by piece as if handing over everything to do dom and being completely at his mercy with just his body. It was more of a symbolic act, Namjoon making sure he knew his place in a very simple way, just like sitting on the floor and not on the couch.

His place was below his dom, not because he was of less worth, but because he had chosen that place and the elder made sure to reinforce this whenever he could.

At first it had seemed unnecessary, being told to kneel, to do something for his dom he could very well do on his own, giving him his clothes or even things such as tying his tie or the laces on his shoes. Yoongi hadn’t really figured out what it did to him until a few weeks later where he had been in a pretty bad mood, still respecting his dom of course but Namjoon had figured something was up, telling him to kneel in the middle of the living room out of the blue although they had been talking. The student had hesitated for a short moment, glancing at the older unsurely before going down onto his knees, although unwillingly. Namjoon told him to look down, nothing more, while he ran a hand through his hair.

It had taken a few minutes, Yoongi at first glaring daggers at the floor because he didn’t understand the purpose of this, but after some time be realized how much he had relaxed. The tension in his shoulders had eased, his hands weren’t balled into fists anymore, the frown had slipped of his face and he just felt at ease. It seemed as if the importance of whatever had him worked up before had simmered down into pretty much nothingness. It was a bit of a shocking experience, surprising himself because he finally understood what these seemingly unnecessary acts actually did to him subconsciously.

Namjoon had crouched down in front of him, lifting his sub’s chin so he could look into his eyes. “Better?” he had asked and Yoongi had

nodded meekly with an apologetic gaze. “Yes, sir. Thank you.”

The older had simply smiled knowingly and kissed the corner of his lips, telling him to stay put for a while while he got out of his work clothes.

Needless to say Yoongi changed his opinion about these small acts. Sure there were days he didn’t feel as submissive as others and did the things he was told to do with a small flicker of unwillingness but it was all worth it in the end.

Once both of them had found out Yoongi enjoyed wearing a collar they had taken that up as well. Sometimes Namjoon told the younger to go get his collar and the student would almost fly like an excited puppy, eager to put it on.

“Baby,” Namjoon said, tipping the younger’s head back so he could look straight up at him. “I want you to go to the bedroom. Stay in front of the bed, facing the door and wait for me.”

Yoongi nodded his head, getting to his feet with a small chime from the bell of his collar and walking to the bedroom. He stood facing the open door, still hearing the TV running and waiting for the older to appear.

He waited and waited and waited and waited.

But nothing happened.

He started shifting, tapping his foot against the ground and fiddling with his fingers, wiggling his toes and playing with his earrings, everything to entertain himself.

It was difficult to say how long he waited but he was growing kind of impatient. Not because he was horny or anything, simply because he was bored and a bit cold. It felt like he had waited forever and still nothing had happened, causing him to sigh quietly.

Yoongi glanced over his back at the comfy bed, covers looking plush, soft and warm more than anything. He loved feeling them on his bare skin and he really, really, really just wanted to curl up underneath them, a yawn even escaping him. They looked so inviting, just waiting for him and a shudder went through his body.

Damn it!

He forced himself to look away, the action almost hurting him. He bit his lip and tried to stay somewhat focused. Namjoon had given him orders after all, he had to follow them not matter how long his dom took to get to him. This was an act of respect. He respected his dom and the things he told him to do. He always did them. He was always a good boy, he never really went against his dom, he was good like that. Even when they were small things or seemingly unnecessary he still did them because-

He glanced back again and almost whined.

Fuck it.

He tiptoed over to the bed, holding his breath as he slowly lifted the covers, freezing for a moment to listen for any sort of noise but didn't hear anything that resembled footsteps so he proceeded. He crawled onto the bed in slow motion, carefully lifting the covers and pulling them up over his body, sighing contently and curling up underneath them as if no one would find him if he did this, the guilt he felt almost making him get back up again but the bed was just too comfortable for his by now sleepy mind to think rationally

Sadly Namjoon did find him about twenty minutes later, revealing a sleeping Yoongi with a happy little smile on his face and buried underneath the blankets.

To say he was not amused would be an understatement.

Yoongi didn't wake up even as the covers were pulled away so he pinched his butt painfully, the younger making a strangled noise and rolling away, eyes growing wide as he spotted Namjoon. He immediately got up on all fours, eyes switching around frantically but he didn't know what to do so they fell onto the dom with a helpless expression.

"Get down from the bed," the older said coldly, Yoongi complying immediately, head hung low and waiting for his dom to say something which took almost a minute.

"What did I tell you to do?" the older asked, voice void of any emotion.

"To wait for you in front of the bed, sir," the sub said quietly.

"Then why were you *on* the bed?"

Yoongi didn't know what to say so he remain silent, something he shouldn't do because he was supposed to answer his dom's questions. The lawyer raised an eyebrow at him. "I asked you a question," he said in a level-headed tone but it didn't take any special skills to figure he was not pleased.

"I-I don't know, s-sir. I… I'm sorry. I w-was cold… a-and tired," Yoongi said quietly, guilt lacing his voice and he pulled up his shoulders in an attempt to hide from the elder's piercing eyes, not daring to look at him. He didn't know what had come over him, he really had been tired and a little tiny bit cold. It was just that the bed had looked so tempting at that moment, he hadn't been able to resist.

The lawyer looked at him with a schooled expression before holding out his hand. "Give me your collar."

Yoongi's head snapped up, eyes wide and body frozen, opening his mouth slightly in a silent protest but he was shut up again before he could even come up with a response.

"Now."

He needed a moment to react, hands coming up to undo the collar around his neck clumsily and putting it in the elder's awaiting hand shakily. This was the worst feeling ever.

"I think you know that I'm not happy about you not listening," Namjoon said as he closed his hand around the collar and Yoongi felt even worse than before. He never knew a simple sentence could make him feel this guilty but apparently it could. He couldn't even do anything, just lowering his head in shame.

"Go kneel in the corner, hands on the wall in front of you and think about what you did," the lawyer instructed and Yoongi shuffled away quietly, doing as told.

It was a simple task but it made him feel so bad, giving up his collar, being told his behavior was disappointing and now having to think about his actions like a child in time-out. He could hear the other moving around behind him but didn't dare to lift his head, much less turn it to look what was going on. His arms hurt from holding them up like this but he endured it. This was a punishment after all, he deserved it for acting up like that. He would feel even worse if there wouldn't have been any consequences or he would have gotten out of bed again before Namjoon saw him.

In that case he would have probably given in within a few minutes and confessed what he had done. He didn't want to do things behind his dom's back even if it meant getting punished when he told him. He was okay with that, he just wanted to be good and listen. He couldn't comprehend what had been going through his head when he had disregarded the elder's words like that, still trying to come up with a good reason but by now they were all not good enough..

Namjoon let him kneel in the corner for about fifteen minutes, knowing it was straining to keep your arms up like this, before he stood behind him, doing what he did after every punishment.

"What did you do wrong?" he asked, his voice not holding his usual fond tone but also not sounding harsh. It was just… calm, simply asking a question.

Even then Yoongi still flinched but didn't lift his head or did anything else. "I… I disregarded sir's orders," he said shamefully, pulling up his shoulders guiltily like that would help him.

"That's right. Will you disregard my orders again?" Namjoon continued.

"No, sir," Yoongi said a little bit more firmly, not wanting to be a burden to his dom, he was sure of that. He just wanted to help and please him, nothing else.

"Have you learned your lesson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Stand up."

The student did as told, still facing the wall. "Good job, baby. You still have to earn your cuddles so you'll sleep on the armchair today." There was no room for discussion. It wasn't anything that needed to be discussed so Yoongi just swallowed and nodded his head in understanding.

It wasn't nice, being denied contact but after stepping out of line he had to work to get his dom's acknowledgment again. Thankfully he was given a pillow and a blanket so he wouldn't freeze during the night, curling up on the armchair which wasn't big enough for him to be able to lie down completely comfortably. He looked at his dom with sad eyes as he climbed into bed and turned off the light, wishing he could snuggle up in his arms.

He was woken up by soft murmurs the next morning, someone stroking his hair. He blinked his eyes open, coming face to face with a softly smiling Namjoon. “Good boy,” the older said and Yoongi felt relieved almost immediately, his slow mind barely managing to keep up but the words always caused a rush of happiness within him. It could have been very much possible that he’d wake up to an empty bed and had to do something else for his dom to earn his forgiveness but Yoongi gave in very easily. It was something they had both noticed very early on. He didn’t need harsh punishments, too much wouldn’t be good for him and the lawyer knew his sub always regretted stepping out of line. All he needed was a clear task he had to complete in order to be forgiven and what that was depended on what he had done wrong.

Namjoon chuckled softly and continued with praising the younger, telling him he received his punishment very well and did well by sleeping on the armchair without complaining.

“Sir?” Yoongi asked quietly, feeling like he was floating and his eyes were mostly closed, bathing in all the attention Namjoon was giving him, he might have slurred his words a little bit even. He was simply happy that he had gotten on his dom’s good side again and that he didn’t need to worry about what had happened the day before but he wanted to get reassurance one last time.

“Yes, baby?” the older asked, Yoongi sighing as his cheek was kissed. “Am I forgiven?” he asked quietly, sounding hopeful.

Namjoon smiled softly. “Yeah, baby, you’re forgiven. You did a good job.”

“Thank you, sir,” Yoongi purred happily, finally feeling at ease and able to let go of the guilt. It was always somewhat freeing to complete a punishment and receive praise afterwards, just like he had cleansed his body and mind with it.

Namjoon worked on gently coaxing him out of his submissive headspace but the younger was still a bit more clingy for the rest of the day as if to say he really was sorry, unable to completely rid himself of the feelings he has had as the elder’s sub until the early evening when they were back to bickering about what movie to watch.

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